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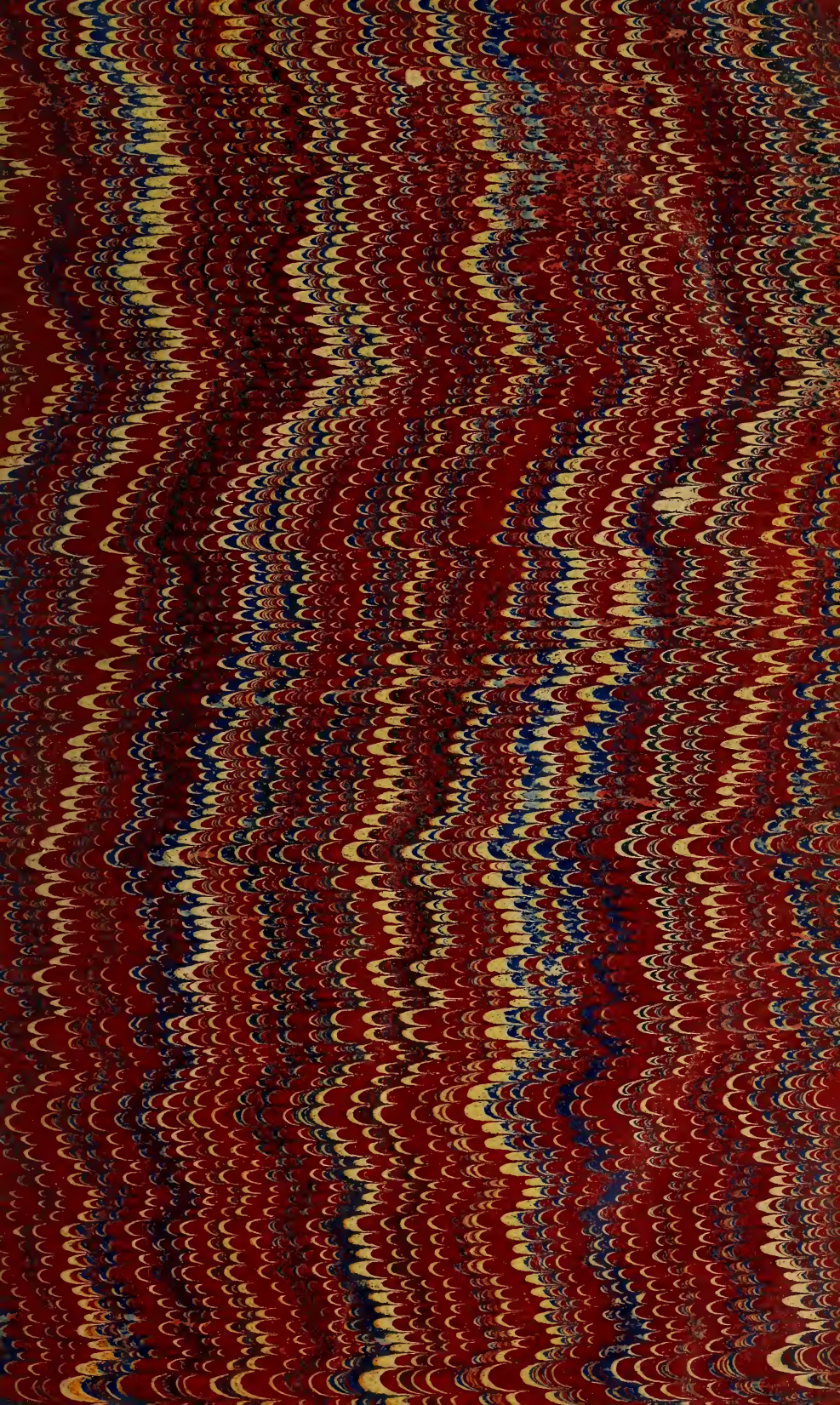
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







ANTI-PROHIBITION

BEING AN

ESSAY

ON THE

INJUSTICE OF THE PROHIBITORY LAW,

AND THE

NECESSITY FOR ITS REPEAL.

BY

WILLIAM MONTAGUE.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BOSTON:

THE RICE, GODDARD & CO., PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
41 MILK STREET.

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LEAF I.

IN opening this pamphlet of criticism on the Prohibitory Law now existent in these New-England States, we wish to assure the reader that it is a desire for justice and equity, more than a mercenary aim, that causes us to enter a protest against a tyrannous and more than imperial edict in the land of liberty. When any great event, moral, social, or political, happens in this world, we look naturally for the cause that has influenced it. Thus the great struggle of 1871 between France and Germany, in which the genius of the greatest statesman and the military skill of the greatest soldier of the last decade, won such immortal fame for Prussia and the newly-created German Empire, was caused by a futile desire of Napoleon to establish his imperial throne on a firmer footing, by a military triumph against a hated foe. Leopold and Spain were but the puppets that sufficed to set the monsters by the ears. In our own land the Great Rebellion was caused mainly by the advancement of the human mind, and it removed the curse of *black* slavery,—it would appear now, but to be replaced by *white bondage*: the victory was bought dearly, but it was worth the price. But we ask the thoughtful of mankind,—those who deem the world as something more than a place to eat, drink, and sleep in,—if there was any just cause for the originating of the present Maine law? It has had a long existence, an existence which has been productive of much evil and little good. How many men are there at present in New England who with a clear conscience can swear that they have never drank liquor? How many of those who at present are delivering edifying moral lectures, with much rhetoric but little sense, can say, “I never drink, nor never place liquor of any nature on the table for my friends”? Very, very few, and those few not gifted with the *taste* which God has been pleased to place within us. But, if we allow that every man who preaches temperance, practises temperance (we mean the *bigoted* temperance of “cold water only”), can we also attest that they are moral in every other way? By no means. Our acquaintance with advocates of temperance has proved that abstinence was by no means

a promoter of other good qualities. "Dickens speaks with gusto of the punch-bowl," says a virtuous Boston clergyman, who borrows addresses and passes them off as the product of his own brain; and we say, if the specimens of both classes that we have seen are types of the whole, that Dickens was right. If drinking be a crime, there are worse crimes than drinking; there is grasping avarice; there is libertinism, there is want of honor,—these three and many more. An honest man may own his belief in a temperate use of liquor, may point to the record of centuries since and before the Christian era, may quote the greatest authority the world has ever known, the divine Jesus himself, and yet he is a criminal, *particeps criminis*; no matter if he be in every respect honest and upright and true, he is a criminal, an aider and abetter in avoiding the law. What myriads of criminals have we in New England now: criminals of all classes; great writers whose names are like household words among us; wealthy merchants whom fortune and friends have flattered; true philanthropists who spend their lives in doing good and making others happy; noble-hearted, self-denying men, whose quiet lives are, though unnoticed, glorious, and who will reap a rich reward hereafter,—these with the myriads of others of BAD criminals are offenders in the cross-eye of the New-England liquor law, not actually accessible to punishment, but, still, aiders and abettors. But the man of water, even if he is cowardly enough to indulge privately behind the door, is no criminal; he may swindle his neighbor out of a few thousands, ruin his family, and bring his consumptive wife to the grave, but, *if he has done it CLEVERLY*, and thereby become one of the fraternity of Dives, he is entitled to the fawning of parasites, and respect of his equals. He may lead a shameless and abandoned life in private, employing his leisure hours in breaking female hearts, and satisfying all other appetites but that of drink, and the law ignores, while society shuts its eyes at Dives' peccadilloes. What a monstrous reflection it is in the glaring injustice of the law, and the stupidity that conceived and executed it, that while a man may ruin a woman for life, and, perhaps, untimely drive her to her grave, without punishment for the foul deed, if he enters the liquor trade he is liable at any time to be treated like a felon, and cast into jail with wretches of every degree of crime. A man may frequent brothels of low repute, and thus spread misery and crime through generations following him, and the law winks and nods as much as to remark, "Go it while you are young"; but the same

person must not keep a liquor "nuisance." Let us suppose that the law was framed with good intentions, even if it has had bad counsel in its late revision and execution; let us suppose that Neal Dow and his aids really supposed they could make a Utopian paradise of New England, and after exterminating the lesser evils, exterminate the great. Has not the law had a fair trial of over twenty years? When truly enforced it but drove the trade into secret places, and caused it to exercise twice as injurious an influence as before; but for years it has not been enforced,— for years it has merely served as a political blind, as a shuttlecock to be dashed about by the battledores of either party; scores of lazy, useless police have made fat fortunes by filling their pockets with the bribes of harassed dealers, and those noble men who firmly refused bribes or to cease a business which is legal in the eyes of sovereign God, if not in those of sovereign man, were seized again and again, and made to feel truly how mean and petty a creature man can be, "dressed in a little brief authority."

In the hands of these unscrupulous tools, the trade went on more briskly than ever. Then came, lately, the first good and just idea that we have had, since the promulgation of the useless law. Whoever thought first of the scheme well deserved the thanks of the community; but it should have further been a vote of the entire people upon the question of liquor or no liquor; in a country where the people *are supposed* to rule, this were surely the best plan. The question was BEER OR NO BEER, and the cities, towns, and villages of Massachusetts were to vote. We are curious to know what the result would have been, if the world was not deceitful. If every man had gone to the ballot box and deposited his vote, not only according to his wishes, but his firm conviction also, there is no doubt that beer would be sold universally in Massachusetts. But the opinion of the world is something to be looked upon with dread, and the world's opinion undoubtedly influenced those places which voted *No Beer*. There were other influences at work, of course, underhand, secret influences such as generally may be found in the dirtiest of all human games—politics; but of that, those who have sold their consciences for gain ought to know best, and like Judas, undoubtedly, they ere now repent of the price of blood. However, the majority of the Beerites was large enough to satisfy the advocates of malt liquor, even if they knew not how next to impossible it was to get an unprejudiced, honest vote. We have an imaginary learned friend, a prohibitionist, with whom as we pro-

ceed on our tour of explanation, we will occasionally hold converse, so as further to elucidate our opinions. He interrupts us now, and sagely remarks : —

“ You appear to have forgotten, my noble friend (we are *not* noble, but he does us the honor to consider us so), that those laws which you deem so unjust and ridiculous, are framed by legislators elected by the people, under the magnificent ballot system of our noble, free, and unequalled country.”

“ We are well aware, sir, of this, we are aware of *many* of those blessed privileges of freedom which we enjoy, and we shall but need a few improvements to make our system perfect. Let us introduce a bill into the national senate, through some of our worthy friends, decreeing that we must pay a tax on the air we breathe. We pay now for houses, our clothes, our horses, our dogs, our watches, our everything. If we travel in Maine we might as well be at the mercy of the Spanish inquisition of old ; we are liable at any time to be knocked down and robbed ; our persons, sacred even in the worst despotisms of Europe, searched, and our lives, if we are cursed with delicate nerves, endangered ; if we are of stout heart, like Sir John Falstaff, and resist boldly, we are arrested for assault and battery ; if we be of a revengeful disposition, and lay a complaint against our molesters, we are informed it is the benevolent liquor law of Maine. . Again, if we travel (having been accustomed in other and happier climes to do as we would, if we had the necessary funds) with a flask in our pocket, meet an old friend, and invite him cheerily to take a horn, we are liable to be arrested and cast into jail,— for what? for being a *liquor drummer*,— that is, a man whose misfortune it is to understand the business of selling liquor.

Well, now for our other privileges, the glorious privilege of electing the man we think will be honest in his endeavors for the public good ; we have that privilege with thousands of others ; *we* use it, thousands abuse it. The man with brains drives round in an attractive turn-out to the man without brains, and tries first the strength of specious flattery, which is almost sure to succeed with that class of gentlemen who think they were born to be admired, and that the world does not contain others as noble as themselves ; but, where flattery fails to influence, money will corrupt. The unthinking laborer cares little whether he elect Grant or Davis, Greeley or Adams, his ideas on the subject being at best but a reflection of the news of whatever newspaper he happens to read

Hence the great power of the press ; but if an inducement of five dollars or treble that be offered, — for it is on record that *one hundred dollars* gained a vote in New Hampshire at the last election, — he readily votes, unless he be an uncommonly honest man, the way he is wished to, hence the wire-pullers and the wires. That these wire-pullers use despicable meanness to elect their candidate is not to be denied, but, dear me, sir, they are virtuous, if they only do not drink. Thus are elections gained, and universal male suffrage proved nothing better than a humbug ; there are much fewer honest voters, we think, than bought voters, and that party which can command the most money and influence is sure to gain the day, no matter how much stronger in numbers their adversaries originally were ; hence the late Republican victories in New England. We are not politicians, have no personal interest at stake in the success of either party, think both have great faults and great virtues, but a blind man could see that the late elections were gained by the republicans, only through barefaced fraud.

“ Why, then,” says my republican and prohibitory acquaintance, “ if the number of drinking men so far exceeds the disciples of cold water, is it not noble in the republicans to espouse the cause of the weaker party, and thus lose many votes ? ”

“ On the contrary, my friend, the democrats being avowed champions of license, the republican party could not easily become champions also ; but could they have done so, we doubt not they would have deemed it expedient to adopt the patronage of the “ moral side ” apparently, while aiding the liquor dealers by winking at the law, thus killing two birds with one stone, and discomfiting the democrats in each case.”

But Governor Perham being probably a just man as regards his prohibitory ideas, has shown the inhabitants of Maine that he *can* and *will* execute the law, even if in so doing he ruins the State. We are accustomed to make favorable comparisons between the state of affairs in our enlightened New England and the European monarchies, but leaving England out of the question, as far too free a nation for us at present even to dare to hope for, let us select Russia and state our solemn conviction, that it is quite as agreeable and pleasant now to be a member of the great Russian nation as to dwell in enlightened Maine. It is true that the Emperor’s fiat may decide the fate of any unlucky individual who may have offended his dignity, but if he strives not to irritate his sovereign, or to break

just laws, his person is safe from the desecrating touch of any wretch who takes a fancy to search him.

Let us turn now to the press; it is the reflex of public opinion, and the greatest adjunct to liberty; indeed without the press true liberty could not exist. This powerful betrayer of public sentiment is almost unanimous in denunciation of the present prohibitory law. Boston has nine daily newspapers; of these, one is supported by a clique of prohibitionists, and is edited by a clergyman, which fact does not prevent it from being the most watery specimen of journalism we have ever witnessed. The arguments in favor of prohibition prove that however much its editor may be acquainted with celestial matters, he is deplorably ignorant of the terrestrial events daily passing under his nose. He is a sort of double Major Jones (the Massachusetts Chief of Police), with no open bars in Boston, decrease of villainy, etc., as if we had not eyes to see with, and our ears for the purpose of hearing. Another larger sheet professes temperance and applauds prohibition, but its remarks are so contradictory, and the views of its various editors differ so greatly, that we do not esteem its opinions of great value; we may see a statement in one issue and a direct contradiction in the next; yet as the paper is a good advertising medium; and has once in a while some pleasant knowledge from Hazewell's vigorous pen, besides being ably conducted as a general thing, it is very popular. But the other seven, the strongly democratic old "Post," with its magnificent leaders on all subjects, and its cheery wit, humor, and sarcasm; the ponderous "Advertiser," with its ponderous articles, and the best musical and dramatic critic of our city; the dashing "Globe," with its columns of fine print, and its excellent foreign intelligence columns; the watery "Transcript," the personal and ambiguous "Herald," and the spirited little "Times," — all form a strong majority in favor of a sound license system, and against the present unreasonable and impossible law. They are willing to acknowledge that men must drink; that it is impossible to prohibit a part of a man's nature; that prohibition can only lead to seclusion, disguise, and concealment, and that liquor drinking is not an evil, if moderation be observed. We have selected Boston as an example of the position assumed by the press, as in Maine the papers, aware of the power of the law, and the strength of the prohibitionists, are non-committal. As the press is five to one against the present condition of affairs, so are the people, who are

the reflection of the press, as the press is the reflection of the people. The *only* unpopular paper in Boston is the one devoted to prohibition, not because it has not a spark of true ability, but because it advocates the present law and indulges in nonsensical assertions and arguments to support its position. There is a paper also published here weekly, devoted to anti-prohibition, — a paper with even less ability than the journal of temperance, a paper which dare not be printed in a community less enlightened (?) than ours, and yet it is, perhaps, the most prosperous weekly in our city. Nearly every weekly, semi-weekly, or tri-weekly in the city either openly ridicules or covertly sneers at prohibition. And yet, even as President Grant is allowed to inaugurate in a free country a despotism at Washington, through the corruption of those in whose hands the safety of the nation is placed, so are a few men banded together able to defy the will of the great people on account of the bribery and corruption peculiar to our elections.

It is time that we should cast off the shackles of slavery, which are slowly yet surely binding us in their iron claws, and proclaim with trumpet tongue our sentiments. The day must come and soon, for a social revolution, if no better laws can be devised than those at present existent on our statute books. We have fearful warnings from France, where anarchy and horror have resulted from the desire of the people to be truly free. The men who in the hour of danger will not assist to repeal an unjust, tyrannous, and scandalous law, should beware of the smothered vengeance of a patient people tried too long.

LEAF II.

THIRTY years of trial, and utter failure: such is the record of prohibition. Many of us can recall the miracles that were to be performed when the first genius of cold water exploded his grand idea. New England was to be regenerated, cold water universally established, and hand-shaking become the fashion, instead of fisticuffs. Twenty years of trial, and what is the result? Do we behold a peaceful, loving community, striving to surpass each other in acts of generosity and kindness? O, no, horrors upon horrors of every description are multiplying daily. Do we find the State, that twenty years ago was prosperous and happy, still, owing to prohibition, increasing in prosperity? No; on the contrary, we

look with sadness on a ruined state, and ruined too by the mistaken doctrine of prohibition: it requires but a few years more of prohibition and Maine may become but a name, a desert such as it was hundreds of years ago. Till lately and for years past in Maine, the law has lain torpid, a farce unexecuted and laughed at, a law as much obeyed as is that forbidding prostitution or beggary; but the new governor of the State, assisted by democrats and republicans alike, but for different reasons, has managed to pass the most outrageous law that ever disgraced any civilized nation on the face of the earth. A law that makes every man a spy on his neighbor, that renders deceit a duty, and revenge an easy task; that permits officers of justice to search a defenceless woman, and take what liberties they will with her person, if they conceive that she has liquor concealed about her; a law which drains the capital of the State, and robs the farmer even of his hard-earned gains; a law, in short, that tramples on and blots out the last fragment of liberty left to our suffering people: and this vile product of mistaken legislation is to stop the sale of liquors in the State of Maine.

We have lately passed through Portland, and instituted inquiries; the law has been enforced there and each man is a spy on his neighbors; the liquor-dealers stand at the street corners with lowering faces and determined looks, ready to detect any culprit who strives to make an honest penny. "Why," you ask them, "do you turn on your neighbor?"—"Why? why to CRUSH the law." To crush the law, we have to arouse all the worst passions of a man's heart; to crush the law, we have to become hypocrites and cowards. We pass through the silent streets: great heavens! can this be the flourishing city of twenty years ago? Twenty-six thousand inhabitants, a fine well-built town, but where are the people? The streets are deserted, dead, and silent, except when some listless individual saunters by, evidently with no fixed idea what to do next; the very dogs lay drowsily on the door steps, and the proprietors of the stores stand with lugubrious faces, and their hands in their pockets, waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. We step into this great hotel, a seeming sign of prosperity, and address the landlord,—

"Well, how is business, my friend?"

"Nothing doing, sir; the prohibitory law *has* ruined Portland, and *will* ruin Maine." We were told that a stranger alighted at the "Falmouth" the other day, and conceiving that a "horn" would be advisable before tea, ordered a cocktail; he was informed that

the Maine law was not only in vogue, but enforced, that they dare not obey him ; he immediately called back the cab, and left the city. Thus, after a time, strangers will shun Maine, as much too virtuous an abiding place for this good year of grace 1872. We inquired of some influential liquor men, as intelligent, able, and courteous gentlemen as ever graced any trade, what they were going to do. "Going West," was the reply. "If Governor Perham is anxious to ruin the State, we must only assist him."

A large amount of capital, of course, is in the possession of these gentlemen, and it will be invested elsewhere. The farmers, not allowed to deal in cider, will probably not content themselves with grumbling, but exhibit their dissatisfaction in some tangible shape ; the present operation of the prohibitory law in short, if it be strictly enforced, must in a few months ruin the State. In Bangor the case is different : the law is just as stringent, but the liquor dealers are more daring than in Portland, and have numerous contrivances, some very ingenious, too, to defeat the myrmidons of the law. These contrivances, however (which be assured we will not betray), will not permit a large quantity of liquor to be kept, and the stock of these "lawless wretches" is generally composed of that vilest of all compounds known under the slang name of "rot gut," but, in reality, no better than raw spirits ; the result of the prohibitory law enforced in Bangor and some other Maine cities, is the substitution of *bad liquor for good*, and the consequent demoralization of both buyer and seller. We have yet to come to the most outrageous feature of the law, which so shocked our notions of consistency (and we esteem it as a jewel), that we came near expressing dissatisfaction in an audible manner, when, who knows, but we might have been arrested as one of those "walking nuisances," the liquor drummers of New England : we allude to the State agencies. These State agencies are supposed to provide *pure* liquors of every description, which are only to be sold for medicinal purposes ; the quantity of medicine which has been sold these last few weeks in the State is prodigious. But why, in the name of Justice, are such men to procure what able men are prohibited from ? a man in health is surely able to bear more than a man in sickness. Satan is said to be the father of lies ; if so, the number of his children is perfectly frightful. There are very few of us, who are not only liars in some shape or other, but cause others to lie, too ; even you, my dear madam, rich and virtuous as you are, who were "not at home"

yesterday to that odious bore, Brown. We think an habitual drunkard, a desperate drunkard, or even a sober-minded gentleman fond of liquor, might not scruple to tell a lie (even if it was necessary, which we don't believe) to obtain liquor. Then the habitual drunkard may get maudlin, and the desperate drunkard go and murder somebody, and the sober-minded gentleman go home and enjoy himself, despite the prohibitory law of Maine. Ah, you say, my virtuous friend, that even poison is sometimes administered to sick people, and that liquor is often necessary in cases of sickness; without admitting this, we beg to remark on the awful state of disease that must have prevailed in Maine last year, when tens of thousands of dollars worth of liquor was sold *for medicinal purposes*. Nor is the liquor sold at this agency in the slightest degree purer than that sold by the great liquor firms of Boston and New York. It is a disgrace to allow this agency to remain, while honest men are cast out in the streets for the same offence, and deprived, in some instances, of the means of support for their families. It was but a few days since that a man in one of our prohibitory towns died in prison from shame; he was honest, hard working, and industrious, and he was twice or thrice seized, and at last sent to jail, for attempting to make a livelihood. He died from shame, and the men who framed the law that killed him, are surely little better than murderers; guilty men NEVER die from shame, it is the innocent victims who cannot survive the shock.

“But,” says the advocate of prohibition, “why did he not adopt a just and legal trade?”—“Because, my honest friend, in the first place his trade should be honest and legal if it is not; and in the second, the shoemaker finds a difficulty in becoming a tailor, the grocer in selling dry goods. The liquor trade requires apprenticeship as well as another, and it is as hard to excel in it as any.”—“Well, why did he not close up?” Because he could not starve, and for the same reason that the thousand liquor shops of Boston to-day are not closed. He had looked on the law as one of those political schemes which are the curse of the country at the present day, and, knowing that the law had not been executed, deemed himself safe.

Why do they not close the liquor shops in Boston? Because they *dare* not. Because such a step would either stir the smouldering embers into a fearful blaze, or if resistance should prove at last unavailable, a migration to New York would ensue, which

would ruin Boston, as Portland *has* been ruined, and the other Maine cities *will be*, if the law continues.

“But what is your remedy?” asks our impatient and imaginary acquaintance, the prohibitionist. “You surely will acknowledge the harm that proceeds from the low grogeries which have made New York such a den of wickedness.” Friend, we are glad to agree with you; we *do* want a sound license system, a system granting the right to sell liquor, only to *good, responsible* men, whose *very* respectability would prevent them from giving liquors to a man already intoxicated; we want a law, punishing by imprisonment with no resource to fine, the dealer who gives liquor to a man in a state of inebriation; prohibiting the retail sale of liquor to minors; and finding a sufficient number of officers to execute it; with such a law we are sure that drinking could do no harm. While there is no proof, nor can be afforded any proof, that liquor in moderation is deleterious either physically or morally, there is much to be said to show that it is useful in promoting health.

How often do we hear the hackneyed assertion of the ruin of the poor Indian by the introduction of “fire-water in their domain?” What a pity thus to basely ruin him. We gave them *what they owned*, so generously, took such care not to intrude on their hunting grounds, taught them such beautiful lessons of faith, hope, and charity, observed so strictly the sanctity of their women, did everything to multiply their race, but gave them “fire-water.” Look at the consequence of the “fire-water”; the American nation, with others of lesser note, have parcelled out the poor Indians’ territory, they are driven hither and thither by the cruel shepherd Uncle Sam (who is anything but a good shepherd who gives his life for his sheep), they are dwindling rapidly, and now only number a few thousands to the millions of old; ALL on account of “fire-water.” When America and the Indians were discovered, both in their primitive innocence, especially as regards clothing, the copper-colored were a peaceful generation of braves employed principally in sallying forth and scalping each other, and in generally imitating the manners of dogs. At that time they did not know of the fire-water; these ferocious scalpers are yet extant, and occasionally carry terror into the hearts of the whites, yet they have not tasted “fire-water.” What a change now; the greater majority of the Indians are peaceful, clothed, educated, useful, and happy, all on account of “fire-water”; a very sad change, truly!

We have not yet learnt at what eminent medical college the

framers and prosecutors of the present law were educated; their knowledge of the cause of all the crimes of the day is contained in so small a compass — the one word *drink*, in fact — that they must be as extraordinarily learned surgeons, as was Bunsby a specimen of moving wisdom. We have not only enjoyed (?) some little experience in medicine ourselves, but have had the pleasure of hearing the opinion of one of Boston's greatest physicians, a man whose skill is a marvel to all who know him (if any *aquatic* brother doubts this, we are ready and willing to forward name and address, Box —, Boston P. O., and they can bear testimony thereafter to the extent of his skill); this gentleman says that a moderate consumption of any liquor is more beneficial than injurious to most constitutions, and that, if a man has been accustomed to it from childhood upwards, it is exceedingly injurious for him to cease.

“Ay,” says my friend, “let us teach our babies not to drink, and there will be no difficulty.”

“Very true; but, first, we come then to ‘moral suasion,’ which we commend strongly; and, secondly, children are endowed with wonderful powers of imitation, which render them perpetual torments to a nervous person; now it is the scissors, now papa's razor, and now mamma's needle; so, if we set the example, they are sure to follow it, and, if we do not (as you would not, of course), if baby should fall very ill, and be near unto death, brandy is needed to revive the little spark of life, and this is the first tasting, but rarely the last.”

It will be generally found, we think, that men fond of naught in the bibulous line but cold water, are of such a temperament as to render liquor disagreeable to their senses.

Let us look around now on the world in general, my friends, and see what evil or what good liquor is doing there; bringing people to drunkards' graves, my immaculate friend would say; perhaps a few, but we will prove, satisfactorily we trust, in a coming chapter, that there are a few more destructive passions in the world, beside that of liquor. A great amount of liquor is sold in Canada; we think people drink more generally there than in this country; yet we hear little of drunkards' graves, but see a magnificent, hardy race of men, worthy of their ancestry, brave, courageous, and noble, and forming a favorable contrast to some of our patrons of typical Eden, who, perhaps from the fact of their absorbing love of Mammon, are generally endowed with sallow

countenances, tobacco-infected breath (some persist that tobacco is more injurious to mind, body, and brains than liquor), and stooping forms. We glance at England and behold another people noted for their consumption of every description of liquors, from the cheap and harmless lager to the bright and foaming champagne: the lords and peasants of the country are alike in this respect — they both drink liquor. Do we see millions cast into drunkards' graves? On the contrary, we behold a wonderful nation, with a marine equal to that of the world combined, and colonies embracing the earth; a nation of heroes, and one that for centuries has supplied us with immortal names, which have made its literature the greatest of all time. A country that from a small island parcelled among many kings, has become an empire far surpassing that of ancient Rome. Southward to France, the land of brandy, though not of drink. The French do not drink as earnestly as the English, Americans, or Germans; their volatile nature betrays itself in this as in other things, and the French have ever been a remarkably temperate nation. We regret, however, that it has not bred other virtues far more important; religion is but a name in France, a matter of crime, confession, and absolution, and of absolution, confession, and crime. The theatres keep open on Sundays, and the French theatres are the wickedest in the world; the ladies promenade on Sundays, and the French ladies are the wickedest in the world; the gentlemen peruse French novels, and they (the novels) are the wickedest in the world. Sunday in France, indeed, is a day of idle amusement and unthinking pleasure, and the French may tamper with time by even worse recreations than drinking. To Germany, the empire which through the political power of Bismark and the military genius of Von Moltke, has, of late, become so mighty; the country which has produced Goethe and Schiller; which is notable for the sober-minded, plodding, industrious character of its inhabitants; which contains, perhaps, the jolliest, roundest, and most happy people on earth, and which yet is *pre-eminent* in those two supposed vices which are so much decried, viz., drinking and smoking. The Germans drink and smoke universally, in all places and at all times. How quickly, if Congress were to pass a general prohibitory law, would the powerful German element of the United States return to their dearly-loved Vater-land! Lager has become a standard beverage throughout the States, and it is as easy to get intoxicated on lager as on brandy, if one takes enough; sensible men, however, do not

wish to get intoxicated ; there is always something wrong about the habitual drinker ; idleness, sottishness, loss of fortune, loss of friends, savageness, etc., and these qualities and misfortunes would only be exhibited in some worse aspect, if they *did not* drink. Italy and Spain are temperate countries, but it would be hard to show what good it has done them ; of them more anon. They have a prohibitory law in Turkey, but it is influenced by religion, the prophet Mahomet having forbidden wine, and *if we were Mahometans and not Christians*, we would esteem the prohibitionists correct in aiding and abetting religious doctrines, instead of ignoring them. Of course the Turks are not particularly obedient to their prophet's commands (nor are we in our faith to those of God), but still the restriction has a great effect on a large number of the faithful, who would rather die than be discovered in a state of inebriation ; the nation is accordingly most temperate, and perhaps this is the reason it is termed the "sick man." Russia, on the contrary, has of late been giving the law to Europe, and the Russians are strong drinkers. But we need not go away from our own country if we wish to prove that liquors, generally speaking, are not injurious. While Portland and Augusta, Me. (the only places we know of at present where the liquor law is absolutely *enforced* and *obeyed*), are about the most forlorn and miserable places imaginable, though one is the capital, and the other the largest city in the State, the rest of Maine and the United States show daily proof of the enterprise, energy and pluck of the great American people ; especially in the great west is liquor universal, and especially in the west are the men most enterprising and courageous among us. ³ Let us, then, extinguish drunkenness and immorality if we can, but not perpetrate the great and shameful injustice of visiting on the heads of the deserving many, the sins of the undeserving few.

LEAF III.

THERE can exist no greater error in the treatment of any subject than that of *fanaticism* ; to come to a proper understanding of any great moral, social, or political question, it is necessary to divest one's mind of all prejudice and preconceived ideas, and to accept different theories as at least tenable. The ardent prohi-

bitionists are the most hardened of fanatics; it is in vain to beg that they may open their resolute eyes, or hearken with their resolute ears: the calm, sober-minded tourist, bent on exploration, is astounded to perceive with what dogged obstinacy they will adhere to but one idea.

“Liquor is the father of crime,” they will say; “prevent the sale of it, and crime will cease.” And if we reply in astonishment:—

“Surely, my dear sir, you must acknowledge that at least three fourths of the offences committed nowadays, are performed without the assistance of any intoxicating fluid,” he will shake his head gravely, and sagely remark, that liquor is the root of all evil. We do not defend drunkenness, heaven forbid! but it is a fact that, if we take a dozen men in different stages of intoxication, we are likely to find eleven of them either incapable of committing a crime, or in a state of good-humored imbecility, more amusing than frightful to behold. The monstrous injustice of the present law is shown by the fact that the moderate drinkers (who regard wines and liquors merely as a delicacy or refreshment, and not as a means of loss of sense) are compelled to suffer, while the habitual drunkard can obtain the true poison as before, and wink at the tyrannical and unjust law. If the sale of liquor were an evil, which we cannot conscientiously allow, we would pronounce it one of those necessary evils which must remain till the Millennium.

The Sabine women were all prostitutes; they were regarded merely as articles of merchandise to be cast from hand to hand, till death relieved them from the strange existence they knew as life. Of course we hold up our hands in that virtuous horror which it is so agreeable to exercise if there be no inconvenience attached to it.

“What a nation!” we exclaim, “what brutalized and degraded specimens of that noble and perfect animal, man; no fate surely was too bad for them!”

We wonder how many of our thousands of nineteenth century saints are sincere, and truly unaware of the awful state of moral cancer, with which our present society is impregnated. It is a legal crime to drink a glass of wine after dinner, ay, or help a suffering brother who begs a little liquor to strengthen him, on his way; it is no *legal* crime to go out in the health and strength of manhood, and in the pride of wealth, and with fallacious promises to seduce some struggling, wretched creature, left to choose be-

tween shame and the river. In the small hours of morning, my immaculate brethren of cold water, the virtue of our cities sleeps, and vice puts on her beauteous seeming, and stalks rampant o'er the land. These bagnios with their crowds of shameless women ready to barter their souls for gold; the wretches who stream into them, and the innocent youths who learn their first step in crime through the medium of some elderly instructor, who has taught them that innocence and virtue are fit but to be laughed and jeered at in this fast age, all form a vast picture of nightly crime. From that polluted atmosphere, and those more polluted living frames, steal in the gray twilight all ages, classes, ranks, and stations; many on whom the clutch of foul disease has already laid its indelible mark. Is it bad training, early temptation, want of religion, jeers of comrades, and premature passions that has caused this? No, it is drink! The extent and character of most of these bagnios is probably not known to the immaculate few in the small cities of Maine and the other New England States, as in the great Bay State metropolis itself; if we wish to learn for our own edification the fearful increase of immorality, we can behold it almost everywhere. Close to the mansions of the wealthy and virtuous (not that we wish to class the adjectives together by any means) may be seen palaces of sin and crime, where the scions of the peculiar American aristocracy (*monied*-ocracy more properly) pass their leisure hours, while the fond parents picture to themselves the innocent pleasures in which their boys indulge. It is not *manly* to drink; everybody knows (and everybody is a many-headed monster) what a degrading spectacle either a chronic or an occasional drunkard presents; but it *is manly* to boast of feminine conquests, and achievements in the pursuit of lust, to become men (and *brutes* it might be added) before our time. As there is no more pure and tender influence for good than that of a true and perfect woman, so is there nothing so completely demoralizing as the injurious effect of a false woman's society; and we venture to assert that a great majority of the horrors with which the newspapers have teemed of late years, can be traced to the influence of that part of the gentler portion of mankind, who with powerful minds and bad hearts can wield such a terrible influence by means of their charms. It would be a sad calculation indeed, if we were to plunge into the dismal records of criminality, and ascertain the misery, disaster, and crime that has resulted from the society of evil women. Can we prohibit women of evil tendencies, or those

fallen through circumstance and desire? No. Can we prohibit the sale of liquor? No.

We may act in the same manner with each; enact stringent regulations, crowd our streets with officers of justice, and transform our cities into a second revolutionary Paris in our efforts to prevent the sale of liquor and of women; but though we may drive it into secret places and curious devices, and may cause men and women, through the sheer spirit of obstinacy with which humanity is blessed, to plunge deeper into drink and crime, we can never attain our millennium through any prohibitory statutes, no matter how ardently enforced. Throw off all restrictions, punish the drunkard as before, and let men and women join in the noble work of moral suasion for all evils, and we may still work wonders in the great vineyard.

There is much written in support of, and against, the morality of the stage, and both sides of the question admit of a good deal of argument. The greatest writer who ever lived was an actor, and yet that wonderful and melodious master of song was both a sot and a libertine; as he wrote for all time, so did he write for the present emergency, in the lament of Cassio, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" The master of novelists, the cheery, genial Dickens, the man whom all true lovers of the best of fiction held so near and dear, was a great amateur actor, and could have gained almost any height, had he wished, on the ladder of theatrical fame; yet we hear now dark hints of his manner of living, and the gusto with which, in his beautiful prose-poem, "A Christmas Carol," he speaks of the punch bowl. To the stage, it must be acknowledged by all not blinded by fanaticism, we owe much. But at the present day we are retrograding so fast that we will soon arrive at the theatrical customs of the Roman emperors from Cæsar till Nero, when stage pageants were but a name for the grossest immorality and licentiousness. Simpering misses of thirteen and boys of twelve, with those delightful new dresses which everybody must admire, and those conquering faces, which they are so well aware, alas! how to adorn to the best advantage, sit unblushingly through performances which a hundred years ago old men would have blushed to see. Brazen and half-nude females, stuffed, painted, and bedizened, too abandoned to care for aught but the ruin of others, comprise for the most part what is known as "ladies of the ballet" at the present day. The dress in which they appear at such spectacles as the

“Black Crook” must be disgusting to all minds with the least sentiment of refinement, and possessing the least particle of shame. Why, if Henry VIII was alive, it must bring a blush to the hoary old sinner’s cheek. Yet our immaculate sons and daughters can visit these entertainments (innocent amusements, you know ; poor things, *they* know nothing of right and wrong). That is the trouble, they *do* not ; if they did, they would probably know how to choose the good and refuse the bad, and then we would not see Master Somebody, the son of the well-known millionaire, and hardly turned seventeen, steal surreptitiously behind the scenes and emerge therefrom, shortly afterwards, with a magnificently dressed lady, who, if our eyes were not mistaken, we had before observed, in tights, spangles, and brazenness, dancing a pas-de-seul. Well, this, according to our worthy friend, the impossible idealist, does not proceed from the influence of the trashy drama, but from drink. “Depend on it, sir,” our friend says, “that boy’s first step in crime was DRINK ; he has learnt the use of liquor (perhaps the abuse), and it has ruined him.” Of course ; *he has seen the woman in the wine!*

A person may be perfectly innocent of smoking and drinking, and yet descend to a very low ebb of morality. We wonder which causes the most deaths on earth, jealousy or liquor? we do not mean jealousy diluted with liquor, but jealousy pure. Among the laziest, most useless, and yet fiercest people on earth are the Italians and Spaniards,—the one a nation distinguished for its music, its Tasso, and its statuary ; the other for the stiletto, lawlessness, and the danger of travel. Sojourning in either country, one is liable at any moment to become acquainted with the Great Mystery. It is a curious comment on the denunciation of liquor that these countries are the most *temperate on the face of the globe*. A dark-eyed senorita, with olive complexion and raven tresses, or one of those Italian Countess Guiccolis of whom the libertine Byron sung, do much more harm with their “killing” glances in those tropical climates, than would all the Medford rum that is being sold daily within the limits of the Maine law. Beauty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman is a terrible power.

Another of the enemies of virtue that infects great cities and small alike is our gambling resorts. It is useless to say that gambling could not exist without liquor ; there are many substances far more deleterious in effect than an immoderate use of liquor, which would be instantly employed, if it were possible to stop the sale of that universal article of many natures known in

America as Rum, and as Gin in England. No; gambling is one of those moral festers which it is impossible to remove without destroying the whole fabric of society as now constituted; the only course is to restrain it as much as possible. Another great agency of death is despair, and gambling is often the direct cause; men in despair often take to drink, being ready to die, but wishing to die an easy and gradual death, and yet at their demise we have the news conveyed to us as "The curse of drink; awful end of a drunkard;" if he had directly committed suicide he would have been universally reprobated. Our gambling-hells (it is a good title) are frequented nightly by thousands of men, whom the all-absorbing passion has ruined forever; they need drink to support their haggard courage through the weary night, — thus they drink. But if they had not liquor, they could easily find stimulants a thousand times worse for the body and brain. It is a sweeping assertion, but we conceive ourselves justified in saying that no murder is ever committed through the *direct* agency of drink; some other master passion is lurking at the bottom of the evil; but with the fanatics, it is all "drink." Besides the houses of ill-fame, the gambling dens, the obscene theatrical entertainments, and filthy sheets, which are all a source of great profit to their owners, and of "learning how to be manly" in the school of life to those youths who do not drink and those that do, there is another growing evil which of late has been assuming great proportions, and bids fair to prove another foul channel of sin, to be shielded under that convenient word, *drink*; it is the houses of sham spiritualistic mediums. We do not mean to laugh at the idea of spiritual communication, or to doubt that there may be a true spiritualistic faith, because we would advocate free thought in *all* religions; but we call attention to those hideous excrescences which drain the pockets of their unfortunate victims with scandalous impositions. It is only the other day that a lad living near us in one of the streets of the Bay State metropolis, committed suicide while in a state of religious frenzy inspired by spiritualistic meetings, and conversations with noted mediums. There could be no drink in this instance; the child was but fifteen, and yet he left this bright and beautiful world, with a life useful to himself and his fellow-men before him, because he had had his brain turned by the machinations of the wicked. Religious fanatics, broken hearts, jealous furies, idiotic and maniacal rage, brutalized manhood, lustful insanity, daring scoundrelism, contempt of law, and

the hundreds of other causes of unnatural death ; do ye all proceed, as our fanatical acquaintance informs us, from drink, or are ye not rather the result of our advanced state of civilization in this nineteenth century?

LEAF IV.

IF we were to assume that the doctrines of the prohibitionists were correct, and that it is possible to stop the sale of the various beverages which, since Adam, have been used by man for pleasure and excitement, for sickness and despair, we could not admit the justice of a law which visits the crime on the innocent party, and lets the guilty go free. Who is the criminal, the buyer or the seller? Why is it that these State governments of this free and enlightened country see fit to attempt the ruin of a community which can show as many noble and benevolent men as any other, and who represent in almost every place a large portion of its capital?

If a butcher, with his beaming countenance and blue apron, sells a pound of flesh to a dyspeptic individual with the look of misery ever present, and that dyspeptic, finding the same steak tough, endures after its consumption the torments of a warm region, is it the butcher's fault for selling the meat, or the dyspeptic's for buying and consuming it? Again, if the aforesaid dyspeptic sallies forth under an indigestible hallucination that he is a madman, and commits some deed to prove his claim to the title, must we lay the deed at the door of the butcher, the dyspeptic, or the meat? If the butcher, close up the meat shops, and prohibit the sale of meat. In our late civil war, what untold misery resulted from the use of firearms; suppose it were possible to prohibit firearms, would the brethren of the North and South have sat down calmly together and smoked the T. D. of peace, or would they have made some substitute for rifles and bayonets, for muskets and sabres — some substitute yet more deadly and killing — and rushed at each other with the hate inspired by the bickering of a hundred years? You, my dear sir or madam, whose impenetrable countenance can so well conceal that inward heart of which we all possess a share, where are our buried confidences so sacred to all but ourselves, what would be the result in your case? apply it to theirs!

Hardly a day passes of late but we read accounts in the newspapers of suicides of every description, and from every cause. We hold the suicidist in great contempt, regarding him in almost every case as a moral coward, who is afraid to remain boldly on earth and fight out the battle of life, because he has doubts of the future or the present; but, nevertheless, he is useful to us now as an illustration of the injustice of prohibition, which though so palpable to us as a sober-minded, unprejudiced observer, appears to be so little regarded by the immaculate disciples of cold water. The pale-faced, trembling wretch, or the bold, resolute, but maniacal wretch, who rushes into the druggist's and demands in piping or sepulchral tones a pint of laudanum, cannot be refused, if he but frame a lie as regards the usage he is going to make of the poison. The lie is easily uttered (those who fear neither death nor God are not likely to scruple about a lie); he goes home, locks himself in his room, takes the deadly liquid, and becomes acquainted with the Great Mystery. Now, who is responsible, the druggist or the man; we may say the man; the immaculates, the druggist. Then let us stop the sale of poisons of all natures.

"But there is no analogy in these cases," remarks our disapproving friend. "Pardon us, there is. Do you not think that the habitual drunkard is perfectly well aware that he is rapidly ruining his health, and that the gratification of his appetite must end in death (as must the gratification of any other appetite, to great excess); it is a slow, lingering suicide; a degrading, debasing death, which only the most brutalized mind, can resort to for any length of time. We are willing to acknowledge that excessive drinking renders the mind insensible to fine impulses and noble thoughts, but so does an undue indulgence in eating, or in other human passions. Can we prohibit everything? Can the immaculate few of cold water prohibit the Asiatic cholera and other scourges which devastate our cities, and render so many empty chairs around our tables; can they prohibit the sale of all edibles in case they may contain substances injurious to health.

An orange is good and nutritious, equally so for children and adults; even our smiling, petite, great-eyed, and ever-joyous baby, at once the pride and plague of our households, may have one; but if the young scamp on a tour of exploration in Baby-land happens to fall in with a basket of golden fruit as big as himself, and thereupon proceeds to testify his delight by suffocating himself, and ruining his clothes with an enormous quantity of orange, he

may sicken and die. What killed him, his wilfulness, the orange, or the dealer? the dealer of course, for if the dealer had not sold the oranges the child could not have eaten them. Prohibit, then, the sale of fruit. We regret, fair ladies, that in the course of our cynicism, and dismay at the patience of a people who calmly rest under such an indignity and outrage as the present Maine law, that we are obliged, metaphorically speaking, to tread on your corns, for there can no use denying that we all have corns. Arsenic we know to be a very dangerous and subtle poison, doing the work of its master death in a complete and rapid manner; but arsenic used continually, and taken in small quantities, is a great beautifier of the complexion, transforming the most obstinate skins into a fair, pure whiteness dangerously seductive no doubt to our friends of the mustaches and shirt collars; but beauty must pay dearly for fictitious charms. Neither the new and wonderful process of enamelling which can make ninety a Venus, or the older and clumsier adjuncts of the toilet, such as rouge, white-lead, lily-white, etc., can be used with impunity; arsenic is the most rapid destroyer of them all. When in the hour of death, the poor vain spirit that has rapidly faded away, and whose beauty can no longer avail it, bewails its fatuity, who is it is to blame? — not the arsenic, not the pitiful and miserable vanity of the thing of earth, but the druggist who dwelleth in happy innocence of poisoned women, and who, wretched man, is accustomed to connect arsenic with rats. Let us, then, prohibit the druggists.

Another gratification of the sense which once was confined to sunnier climes than these, but has of late been introduced with much success among our populace, bids fair to add another to the wondrous number of means of dying, possessed by the victims of drink; it is the English opium, the Indian hasheesh, the curious substance that conjures up beautiful dreams and ecstatic visions, and renders the eaters thereof oblivious for a time of the very practical and monotonous existence which most of us lead here. After repeated indulgence in the pleasure, the victim declines by slow degrees and dies; many are succumbing to the effects of the noxious seed daily. The dealer, of course, is guilty, not the man.

When the cold-water league of virtue and benevolence can prohibit the world from moving, then, and then alone, can they control the thousand-and-one causes that combine to produce premature death. If we allow a portion of these to the influence of drink, it must be a very small portion indeed. Drink alone, unless

some wretch succumbs to the delirium tremens, is by no means destructive. The passions supposed to be aroused by the influence of drink, are, in general, the results of intemperate rage, which is itself a far more deadly poison. Then what motive have our sham temperance advocates, in prohibiting one evil out of thousands, that are daily destroying a portion of our populace? What especial motive have they in ruining a class of men who are everywhere, according to our personal observation, as noble, disinterested, and generous, and as religious also, as the prohibitionists themselves? What interest have they in attempting to crush one trade, while thousands of others are thriving, productive of as much or more harm? We are all answerable for selling, administering, or preaching something productive of harm, though we may be innocent as the angels of heaven of intending it.

“The modiste who sells a bonnet to *cette charmante femme* what harm can come of it? Jealousy, envy, hatred, malice, despair, and a hundred other evil passions may be generated through the agency of that bonnet, but yet the modiste is not held responsible for the injury she is the cause of. She is not branded like Cain, made an outcast on the face of the earth; she is not cast into prison, her family ruined, and her husband despoiled. No; she is engaged in a legitimate trade!

Here is a great confectionery, a confectionery that daily sells, and has to sell to succeed, thousands of pounds of candies of every nature. Daily there are children dying around us from the immoderate use of sweetmeats; in many of those tempting decoctions it has been discovered of late that there are poisonous substances, which in time exercise a deleterious influence from which the child who uses them may never entirely recover. Then there are those oval, white lozenges, with the sweet love phrases that seem so sensible and apropos to us in youth, and so ridiculous as the years pass by, and we reach the true manhood of life, the middle age; who has ever compiled a statement of the amount of mischief worked in confiding hearts through those depraved lozenges? In the heat of summer we have ice-cream to cool us. Heated by a promenade in a sun of one hundred and twenty degrees, albeit we be attired in the lightest fashion, we rush into Copeland's on Court and Washington Streets, Boston, and order an immediate ice-cream, in a tone indicative of intense warmth, both of body and mind. Never pausing to consider the danger, the heartless confectioner

places before us the destructive yet enticing iceberg of cream ; we gormandize, are seized with spasms, and die.

“ Ridiculous man,” our friend, the admirer of tea and other temperance fluids, exclaims, “ how could you be so foolish ? ”

“ My dear sir, it was not *our* fault ; we are poor, injured, trodden upon mortals ; why, may we ask, are those outrageous confectioners allowed to parade their enticing dainties in their windows, and lead us wretched mortals to destruction ? Why not prohibit the abominable trade, drive it into secret places, make it twice as destructive as ever, and let men allow themselves to be led into privacy and dishonor ? Are these all the evils the present generation has to contend with ? No. Who of us has not at one time or another ordered a dinner out of curiosity (or an empty purse) at a cheap eating house ? Who of us has not become acquainted with the mysteries of hashed rat, of fly-blown sugar, of ant-eaten crackers, of mouldy bread, of sickening coffee, and of strong toast ? who of us has not had our stomachs turned by the decayed meat and potatoes or putrid fish put before us for fifteen cents the plate ? Who is to answer for the indignities thus thrust on mankind ? Who is to tell who may not become a sacrifice to hashed meat and the rest ? It (of course) is not our fault that we indulge in the gratification of our appetite ; is it, my loved attaché of water ? No, it is the fault of the wretch who, fearing neither God nor man, spreads before us in his window an appetizing repast, and lures our soul and body to ruin. It is awful to reflect on what may be done by a person, ordinarily not a saint, under the influence of a bad meal,—robbery, murder, anything. Let us, then, prohibit the victuallers and drive the trade into secret places. But our friend remarks :—

“ Well, sir, this sarcasm of yours is very well, but it does not touch the liquor question ; you surely do not mean to say, that there is another occupation on earth that does so much evil, as that of *rum*.”

“ Yes, my dear sir, we emphatically do. How much harm, for instance, do you suppose false hair does ? how much deceit and shame proceeds from the use of switches ? Jealousy is generally an offspring of love, jealousy may lead to murder ; love may proceed from a switch. The creature who looks resplendent in a pound of golden locks may not gratify with a bare poll.”

There is no trade on earth which is not innocently the cause of some mischief, and there are many that, *knowingly*, cause more harm a thousand times than that of liquor. The vendor of liquors

makes a pleasing array of bottles in his window, or in his bar, and waits for customers. The bottle-nosed, habitual drunkard enters, and demands liquor; it is served to him, and he departs poorer in purse, but richer in the nose; does he rush forth and commit a crime? No; our habitual drunkard is generally a very shaky individual, who is quite incapable of thinking for himself, and who usually recovers consciousness next morning in the station-house, where he marches forth with the haggard crowd of common drunks. Will prohibition cure this man of drinking? No, it will only add to his idle hours, and if he be bad, cause him to revenge his forced sobriety on some innocent head. But, see, another customer enters, a man with a dozen devils lurking in his eye, and a swaggering aspect of courage; why does he drink so eagerly and so much? Perhaps he has determined on some horrible act of crime, some long-cherished revenge on a hated enemy, but the drink will not commit the murder, it will be the fiend in the man; were the drink impossible to obtain, think not it would stay the murderer's hand. But the bar-keeper cannot always be a judge of human nature, or a physiognomist, and why, in the name of justice, is he to blame, if he aid and abet in a deed already resolved on? When a man bent on shuffling off this mortal coil, and becoming acquainted in the language of our mighty poet-novelist, with that old, old story, death, purchases the poisonous drug from the druggist's apprentice, is the apprentice a murderer?

We have quoted two cases, — the habitual drunkard and the desperate drunkard; these are the exceptions, but the *rule*, my virtuous friend of total abstinence, is men like yourself, perhaps not in social position and plethoric purse, but in morality, charity, religion, and other virtues. Men of toil need some sustenance after a day's hard labor, and, in that case, the sustenance assists and cannot injure, nor does it; men of all classes, who wish to enjoy a social glass and a pipe or cigar with a neighbor (or if they have not been married above a month, with their wife), and in whose glasses there is no "serpent," or a very jolly, harmless one only, surely. Come to these men and try the effects of moral suasion, and they will smile and tell you (we would, too, we assure you), "We have no desire to take the pledge, my dear sir, or madam (for ladies ought to have the most influence in the good work); liquor has never done *us* any harm; our very physicians recommend a reasonable indulgence. Talk to the drunkards; we are obliged to you, but really it is a waste of time to ask us to give up our harmless glass of wine

or ale!" But go to these men and say (remember, too, they form a large majority of the people of these States), "We have closed up your *rum*-shops and defy you to find *rum*, we will seize it on your persons; we will treat you like criminals; we will show you what we are able to do!" and there will be a spirit of resistance raised in the breasts of those men, which will not only crush like an egg-shell the party that will trample on the liberties of the people by a monstrous and unjust law, but may once again devastate this fair land by the foul fiend of fraternal rebellion. Oh, beware, then, ye immaculate few, who are so anxious in your day to attain the millennium, beware! The patience of the most patient people on the face of the globe cannot exist forever, nor will the people of these States allow one body of men to be trampled upon because they are singled out for a party adjunct. Prohibit everything: the clothes we wear, the food we eat, the very water which you are so fond of, and which so often poisons; show the Creator how unwisely he has formed the world, and how much greater and wiser you are in your mortality, and let us behold the result. Let us have another Eden, and let man and woman wander about in innocence all the days of their life. Prohibit the earth from moving, and then will prohibition cease to be unjust.

LEAF V.

As far back as history and tradition extends, we have authority to prove that men and women drank intoxicating beverages of some nature. The Old Testament informs us that Noah was drunken, and, to judge from the circumstances of the case, exceedingly so. In various parts of the Bible, the immoderate use of liquor is reprobated, as it should be. The Bible is the corner-stone of the Christian religion; were it disproved, the whole fabric would fall, and on faith alone it would be hard to build another. We know from the Bible that this beautiful earth of ours was created by a beneficent Creator, and, from the very fact of the marvellous perfection of his handiwork, we know that he must be all-powerful, and in every way superior to humanity in general; therefore do we erect temples and worship him. Our cold-water readers may have felt horrified at our criminal encouragement of moderate indulgence in liquors; let us now remind them that we have the

greatest of all authorities to form our belief. Why did God place in man the taste for liquor, if he intended it should not be drunk? Why did he not render it obnoxious to our senses and cause us to loathe it? Why caused he the wheat and grapes to grow, and allow man to divine the use to which they might be put?

“Mere sophistry,” our esteemed acquaintance remarks. “You might as well inquire why, in any temptation placed in our path, is the devil allowed to live?” Ay, we acknowledge that, but if it has pleased the being we call God to make our senses agreeable to the sight and taste of liquor, and to place in the ground such substances as will produce liquor, if, we say, he has been pleased to put the temptation in our path, and thus render it impossible for man to live without the knowledge of liquor, what presumption must puny mortality have, when it dares defy the Godhead, and say to the Almighty, “We like not your laws or temptations, and, at least, intend to have the regulation of these States in our hands”; surely the result will be that the wrath of heaven will be called down upon a Godless people!

Hundreds of millions of the earth’s inhabitants, of the same God, though different tenets, celebrate the last supper of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ under the name of the Sacrament. What were the articles used at that divine feast? In His parting from His disciples, at that solemn hour when the betrayer of Jesus dipped his hand with Him into the same dish, wine was forever rendered sacred by the Holy Jesus: the perfect man, the founder of Christian faith, the One who came to show us that there was a God and that He was merciful, drank wine and gave it to Peter — the rock on which He built his church — and his other disciples. It seems sacrilegious to comment ludicrously upon the divine moments, so dear to the Christian faith, but can we not, with some show of truth, draw a comparison between Pilate and his myrmidons and the Major of Massachusetts and his police? It would have been a scene worthy the pen of a Sterne or a Dickens, and the pencil of a Cruikshank, if, at that holy moment, when the renowned twelve were eating their last meal with the Holiest and Wisest of them all, Iscariot and a score of State police had entered and declared the liquor law in force in the Holy land. Can that be wrong which JESUS did? Why drank He not cold water, and give it to his disciples? Was He ruining the souls and bodies of the holy twelve by giving them wine? Why did He offer the fatal cup? While we may vainly conjecture the true cause of the creation of this won-

drous sphere by God, certain it is that there are numerous influences for good or evil, which He has placed with us to be conquered or yielded to ; these influences may be termed good and evil spirits, temptations, etc., but if, as is generally acknowledged, God is all-powerful, He must have foreseen that Adam would partake of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Had it not been for this hankering after forbidden fruit, the world would not have been populated, and the liquor law unknown. If it was God's pleasure, then, to place liquor in the earth (whether regarded as a good or evil influence), and to open the eyes of men to the fact that it *was* in the earth, we would wish to know what fatuity can oppose the will of men to God, and how you, my virtuous friend, the prohibitory genius, can ally prohibition with religion, when the two *are diametrically opposed to each other*. Listen to the testimony of the New Testament, the universal law of God among Christian nations (we give our friends the credit of being somewhat better than heathens, or else this chapter were lost). In the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter XI, verse 19, may be found the following words: "The son of man came eating and drinking, and they say behold a man gluttonous and a WINE-BIBBER, and a friend of publicans and sinners ; but wisdom is justified of her children."

What a world of meaning to the prohibitionist is there in that verse ; could the only perfect person that ever lived on earth, do wrong ? Who are the Sadducees and Pharisees of the present day ? How many Pecksniffian individuals do these enlightened States contain ? Christ not only drank wine himself, but gave it to others ! At the time the great preacher was doing His noble work in Palestine, thousands were watching his motions to learn the good from the evil ; if Christ by a few words had spoken abhorrently of drinking, not only those thousands, but the whole world of true Christians at the present day would have abstained, and would abstain hereafter from drink ! But it was otherwise ; and so, according to our friend's creed, this indivisible part of God, Christ Jesus, is guilty of the sin of ruining men's souls instead of saving them. He encouraged *nuisances*, and if He, the sainted king of kings, lived in our enlightened New England of to day, he would be (as in the ancient times) proclaimed a malefactor, a disturber of the peace, and a poisoner of our commonwealths ! It matters not the strength of that which He drank ; all beverages from beer up to alcohol, are, in a measure, intoxicating. Medford rum was then unknown,

but wine was cultivated assiduously, as we are informed tens of times in the New Testament.

Again, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, verses 27, 28, 29, it says: "And he (Jesus) took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you I will not drink henceforth of the *fruit of the vine*, until that day when I *drink it new* in my *father's kingdom*.'" "

We are well aware that sophistry and intelligence combined can twist this phrase into a thousand different meanings, Anglican, Roman, Episcopalian, Unitarian, and many other "ans," but we think that there never was a clearer narration of facts written than the books of the New Testament, nor any history so well supported by four different testimonies as the four books by different authors of the life of Jesus. Then what inference must we draw from the words of the Godhead itself? why, that wine should not only be drank and tolerated on earth, but also is used in *heaven*; if the angels and all the hosts of heaven are criminal, we are dumb. The prohibitionists must surely have some comfort in dying, knowing that there is work for them in a sphere which we always considered better than any part of earth, but now find to be worse than New England!! Though wine is allowed in heaven, it must not be permitted in New England. "But," says my friend, by this time in a state of nervous agitation, and slightly *dumfounded* apparently by our arguments, "there was war in heaven, but we are not therefore to hold that war is good!"

So there was, but the war was not commended by the Christ (a part of God) as was the wine; and, mark, not only does He drink, bless, and consecrate the wine, but tells his disciples that it is *his blood*.

In the second chapter of the gospel according to St. John may be found these words: "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was with him. And both Jesus was called, and his disciples to the marriage. And when they wanted *wine*, the mother of Jesus said unto him, They have no wine. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee, my time is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. And there were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of purifying the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto

the m, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them to the brim. And he saith unto them, draw out now, and bear to the governor of the feast. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the *water that was made wine*, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk then that which is worse ; but thou hast kept the good wine until now ! ”

Now, if He who made the universe considered wine deleterious in its influence on health and morals, is it probable that he would have allowed His beloved son (whether we regard him while on earth as part of God, or merely perfect man) to turn this water into wine? Is it not probable that Jesus would have rebuked His mother and the company for wishing for that which was evil, instead of creating the evil, and thus setting an example for all ages to follow! In this case the water of the prohibitionist was transformed into the wine of the license man, and by Christ Himself!

In the fifteenth chapter of St. John, Christ says, “ I am the true vine ; my father is the husbandman.” He had millions of other similes to choose from, and yet He chose the vine, to illustrate His meaning. In Christ’s many exhortations to the people of those ancient times, we find the crimes that we are to avoid distinctly proclaimed, and reiterated in various instances, Alas, how few of us heed them in this year of grace 1872! But in no case do we find an allusion to drinking, which, on the contrary, the divine man encouraged by precept, action, and example ; there can be no doubt, that Jesus commended the moderate use of wine.

“ Well, acknowledging *that*,” says my friend, now thoroughly eclipsed, “ wine is a very light liquor, doing little harm ; let us abolish the sale of the stronger fluids.” Two reasons may be given to show the impossibility of this. First, it would be another injustice put on the poor man’s shoulders for the rich man’s comfort ; and, second, every liquor that ever has been thought of since liquor first was known, would be hereafter termed wine. We pronounce the prohibitory law a Godless one, because it pleased God at the creation to place in the world good and evil influences, — he saw his work, and that it was good — and why is frail and wretched man to rise up rebellious, and attempt to dispute the wisdom of the Creator?

The following views of an eminent English divine, anent “ freedom and sobriety,” have come to our notice since the above was written.

“The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, whose speeches in England would be worth reading on any subject, and who goes further than most men in favor of stringent regulation of the liquor traffic, utterly denounces a prohibitory law. In a late address the bishop remarks, ‘If I am given the choice, I should say it would be much better, that England should be free, than that England should be sober.’”

LEAF VI.

CONCLUSION.

In framing laws for the world or for any country, be it monarchical or republican, the first axiom must ever be that nothing impure, improper, irreligious, or immoral can proceed from the fountain-head of legislation; and although it is admitted that laws may be enacted which time and circumstance render it necessary to amend or repeal, such action ought to originate from the highest power in the land; if otherwise, it would give rise to the anomaly of a house divided in itself, which can never stand.

Thus the laws of God are supreme, and laws enacted by man in opposition thereto would be unnatural and untenable; likewise, laws enacted by a municipality conflicting with the general laws of the country would lead to confusion, and often to injustice, and to antagonistic positions between the government and the municipality.

In the United States, while congress enacts the laws, each State has supreme power to pass local statutes; the constitution, however, wisely provides that the laws passed by the State legislature *must not conflict* with those passed by congress.

Now we are aware that the importation and manufacture of wines, liquors, ale, cider, etc., is permitted by the United States; nay, that tariff and internal revenue duties are collected on these articles of consumption, not in any one particular State, but in every State of the Union, and let it be well understood that these duties are not collected for the importation and manufacturer, unless for *consumption in the United States*, if otherwise, they can be bonded for foreign countries. We have in every one of the New England States, custom houses and internal revenue offices, and officers of both without number, employed in collecting the

several duties for consumption of articles (it seems almost incredible), the use of which the State legislature prohibits.

The electors in these States who send representatives to the general courts of the State are likewise electors for members of congress, and it seems passing strange that, while they insist on prohibitory legislation in these few States, as a measure of reform and morality, they ignore it as a benefit for the whole country.

If the measure is good, say we, abolish the importation and manufacture of the evil; if bad, do not force it on a minority of the States, by a minority of electors; if the latter minority is denied, risk a vote of the electors of each New England State, and the number of Anti-Prohibitionists brought out, will be, we boldly assert, *ten to one*, if a full vote and an honest opinion can be attained.

We have considered the collection of duties on these goods, and we now proceed to the more gross abuse occasioned by the confliction of federal and State laws. Monstrous as it would seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that the federal government exacts a license fee from every rectifier, of two hundred dollars; from every wholesale dealer, of one hundred; and from every retail dealer, of twenty-five dollars per annum, granting those several parties license to carry on their several aforesaid avocations at certain named places of business in the several New England States, well aware that such avocations are rendered illegal by the State legislature, thus giving license for a *criminal act*, receiving money from *unlawful sources*, and countenancing, abetting, and encouraging the violation of that State law which they, in opposition to all common sense and justice, pronounce constitutional. The federal government collects, in addition monthly, one per cent upon all sales of over and above \$25,000 per annum; that is to say, the government receives one hundredth part of the amount realized from a traffic made criminal by these States, and thus clearly becomes a participator and partner in the crime committed; yet the government escapes punishment while the individual must suffer. If this chapter is read by any legislator, in any other, even the most tyrannical, country on the face of the globe, we would be accused of drawing upon our imagination, as such flagrant injustice and inconsistency could never be believed; and we cannot help but think our own government and those rare few of our so-called statesmen who *are* statesmen, would blush at the anomaly here laid bare.

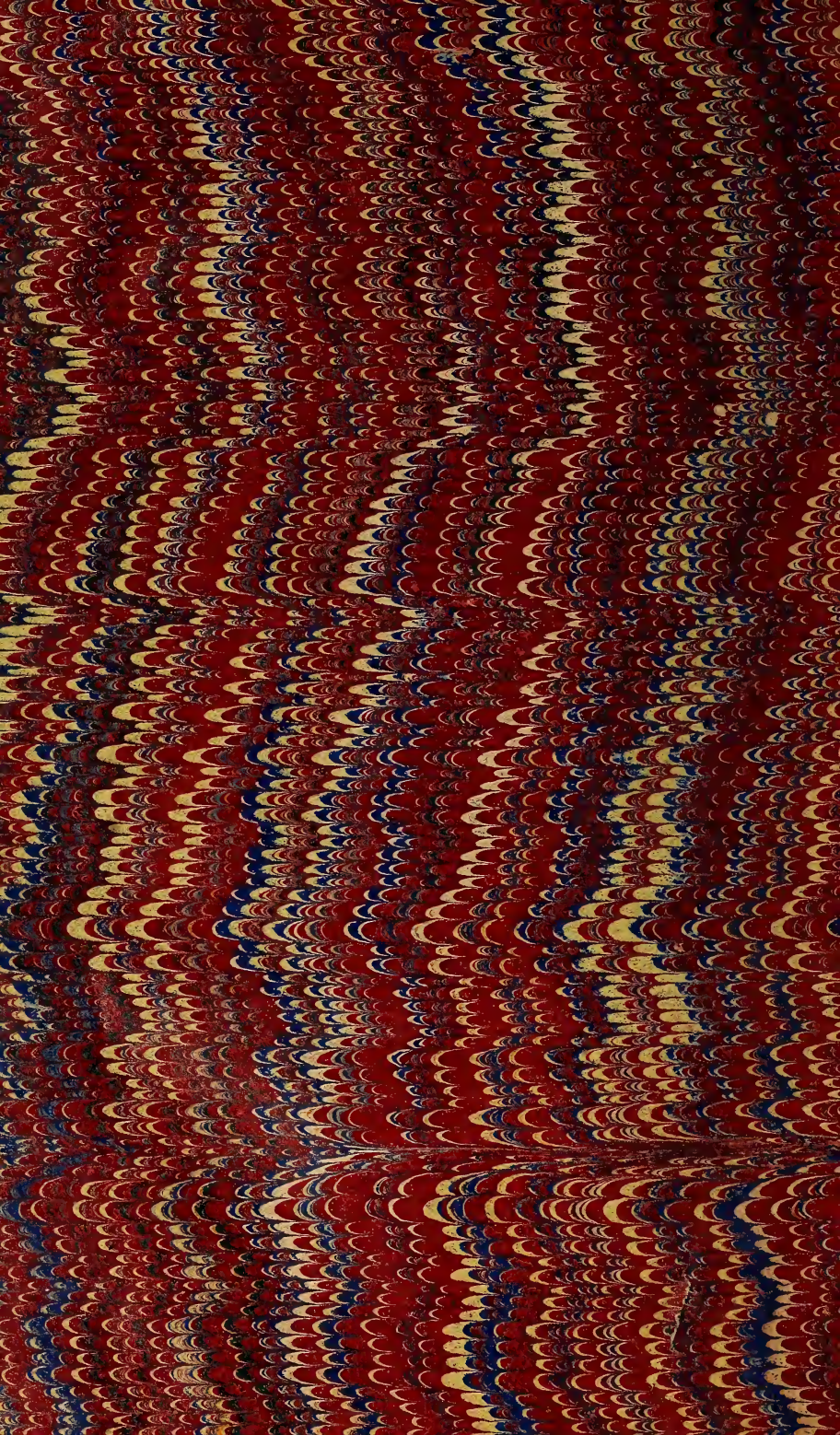
We must also remind the prohibitionist, that it is not honest to

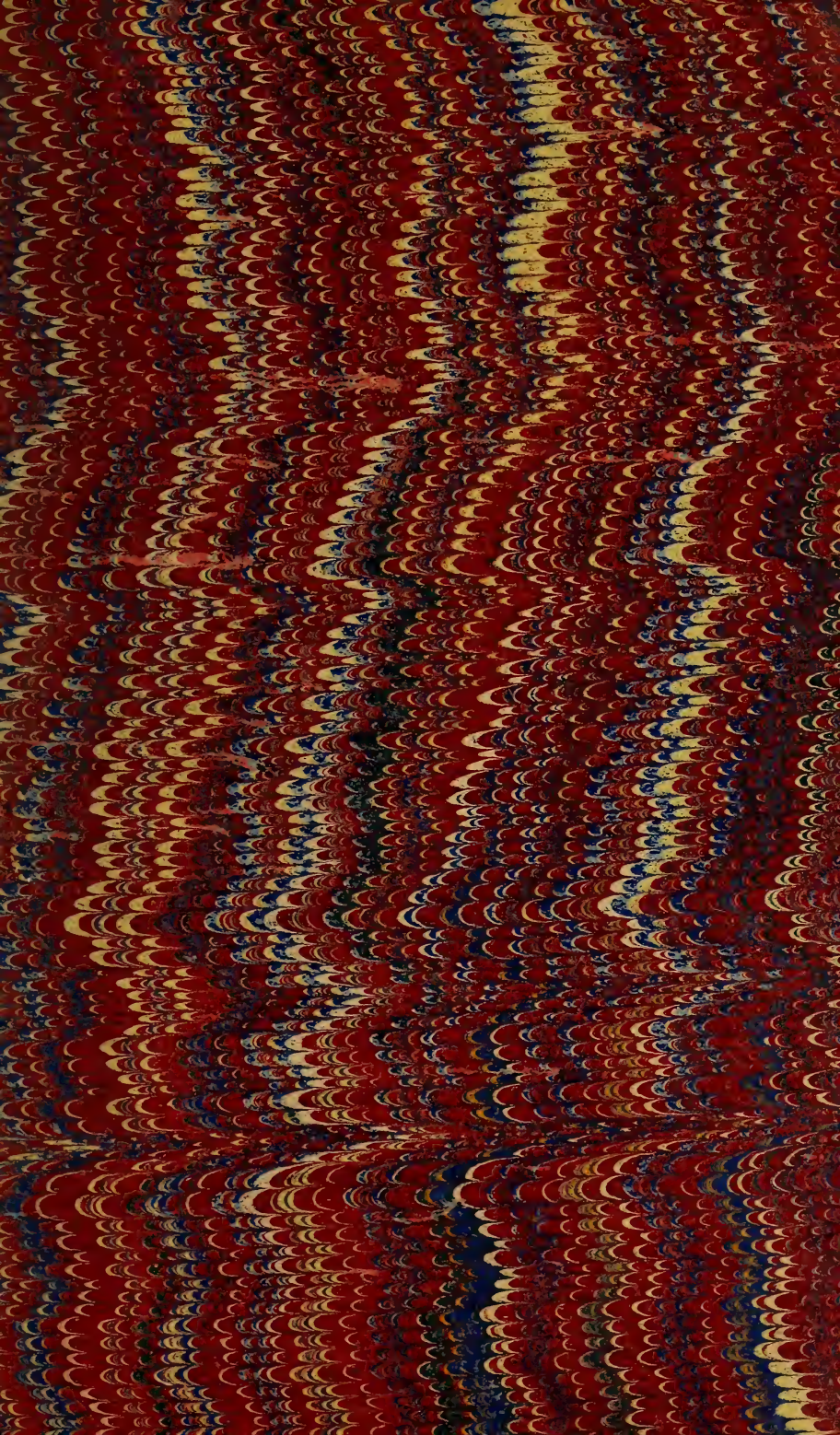
draw gain from an illegal and criminal traffic, and yet he does so every hour of his existence ; the greater portion of the enormous war debt, a share of which he owes, is paid out of the liquor traffic, and the greater portion of the yearly estimate for the necessary public expenditures, both general, State, and local, of which license a share falls on him, is collected from those who deal in the prohibited articles.

The confiction of laws here pointed out, divests the public mind of the power of distinguishing good from evil ; a local statute condemns what a general statute allows ; confusion reigns supreme ; the citizen fails to fathom how that can be criminal in Boston which is legal in New York, or how he can be punished for an act encouraged by the highest authority whose license he holds. Thus criminals are created who would have been honest men ; respect for the laws is lost, as not sustained by public opinion ; and the ultimate result may lead to greater evils than the late revolution. Beware of encroachments on liberty ; the beginning we have before us ; the end none can see.

THE END.







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